



Why Me?



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Chapter 1 by Notice Me♥Kohai

I lived an ordinary life like other girls, Shopping with Friends,School,Parents,Pets, but that all changed throughout I grew. I started the day off by Getting changed, Getting ready for school and all of that. I arrived at school, went to my classes. Then it was recess. I went to my friends, I invited them to go shopping but they rejected me. I was hurt for that whole day. They never rejected me! What did I do?

Chapter 2 by intellikat



"You list everything, all the time!" said Dana. "We're sick of it. I need to go to buy Clothes,Shoes,Socks,Handbag,Lotion, Pretzels, Blanket,Cat Food. It's driving us crazy!"

Chapter 3 by intellikat



I was terribly hurt.

"That makes me feel Sad, Hurt,Confused,Angry,Misunderstood," I said. "What do you want me to Do,Change,Fix, Abstain From? There is only so much I can do about my Habits, Quirks, and all of that."

Shirley Grumple, one of meaner girls, said, "Look, girl. If you want to gain our friendship, meet us at the old graveyard at midnight."

"The old graveyard?"

"What? Is there a parrot in here?" See more of Story Wars old graveyard. Bring a shovel, and your cat!"

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"My ca-?" I stopped myself before I finished the sentence. "Okay. Okay."

Dana Critch leaned over my shoulder. "And don't eat dinner. It only makes it harder."

The girls tittered and then went silent. The bell rang for the last period, and everyone dispersed.

Chapter 4 by myGrundle



I headed off to my seventh period class. It was my favorite. Not only was it my last class of the day, it was Advanced Cooking 101. My OCD was my advantage in here. "Making Great Lists, Makes Great Chefs", was my teachers motto.

But it wasn't my favorite today. I kept thinking about Shirley Grumple and Dana Critch. I was supposed to be preparing my prime rib. The juices were dark, rich and red and the flesh was perfect. I dipped my finger for a taste when no one was looking. It was sweet and tangy and rare -it wasn't the first time I had wondered if all blood tasted this way. I wondered if Shirley Grumple and Dana Critch would taste this way, if properly prepared. I snickered and thought about the shovel.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



The night was lit by a glowing bluish moon above. The tombstones leaned in as if watching the group that had assembled together in the graveyard at midnight.

I stood in the middle of the semi-circle, with Mr. Mixxens in hand and my Dad's small army shovel on the ground beside me. Dana and Shirley stood across from me and the other girls flanked them on each side. Dana held her wrist up to her face and counted silently. At the tick of midnight, she lowered her iWatch and smiled eerily.

"Well, girls. It looks as if Lil Miss Lister decided to show up after all." Dana held an open palm out to Shirley and the other girl placed a 20-dollar bill in her hand grudgingly. "Good job. We didn't think you'd have the guts to come." Dana pocketed the bill and circled around to reveal what the girls had been shrouding by their assembled bodies: a fresh grave.

"Okay. I'm here now. What am I Doing here,Expected to do,Being led into, and all of that?"

Dana motioned to the grave with her shovel covering it.

See more of Story Wars

"Start digging. We'll hold you

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"You'll have to Explain. Tell me,Convince me to do this." I said.

"NO," Shirley growled, advancing on me. "That's not how this works. You dig. We hold the cat. That's the deal."

I shrugged, handed over Mr. Mixxens and began to dig. The earth was fresh and easy to move, and the grave turned out to be rather shallow. In fact, when I struck something and moved the dirt around it, I didn't find a coffin, but a shoe box instead... or perhaps a box big enough for a pair of Doc Marten boots. Large.

"Open it," hissed Dana.

I did. Inside was a tiny skeleton. Or rather, a nearly-composed body. Of another cat.

"Take it out."

I wrinkled my nose, but did so.

"Place your cat next to this one." Dana lifted a dark, black book from her bookbag. "And while I read these ancient latin phrases, hold your cat down and don't let it move."

"What are you Planning, Trying to do?" I growled.

"HOLD THE CAT DOWN."

I paused, looking at the girls surrounding me. I slowly crouched to lay down my shovel and take Mr. Mixxens, but in that moment I instead swung the shovel in a vicious arc, striking Dana in the face and cleaving her head in twain.

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